RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1894.

WHOLE No. 1362.

The State Food Commission of Ohio,

of Highest Efficiency and Purer

than any other sold in the State.

having examined all the principal brands, found the

Fangelina

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! Insurance a Specialty.

Ho! Good people of Portage County! Do

E. M. WALLER, OFFICE in Phenix Block, over J. C. CLARK'S Dry Goods Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

Are now ready, and still coming. They consist of the latest styles

MEN'S, YOUTH'S,

OVERCOATS, PANTS,

HATS, CAPS, UNDERWEAR, NECK WEAR,

HOSIERY. GLOVES, TRUNKS, VALISES,

UMBRELLAS, &c.

Together with the best WORKINGMEN'S GARMENTS in the market, at prices that can't be beat We have also on hand and coming a new line of

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC WOOLENS For the Custom Trade, and are prepared to furnish the best of Goods, Trimmings, elegant fitting, well made, stylish Garments, at lowest figures. Give us a call.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 3 Phenix Block.

GRAND DISPLAY

It Will PAY You to Visit Our Store AN1 SEE THE LARGEST LINE OF

and FANCY PIECES!

PLATTED WARE &C.

To be found in one house in the State. Our Prices are Below Competition! Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies,

FROM \$2.50 UP. In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass

Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD. Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

W. A JENKINS & CO. No. 8, Phenix Block.



Willimantic * Star Thread

For quality, strength, smoothness, uniformity of texture-for everything that enters into the manufacture of perfect spool cotton Willimantic Star Thread always leads the world. One trial will convince you of its superior value. Ask your

Send 2tc. and receive six spools of thread, any color or number, together with four bobbins for your machine, ready wound, and an interesting book on thread and sewing, Free. Be sure and mention the name and aber of your machine. WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO., Willimantic, Conn.

THE BEST

\$1.00 Stay On Stable Blanket

In the Market

CAN BE FOUND AT G. W. Gockel's Harness Shop

On Main Street,

NO. 4, OPERA BLOCK.

RAVENNA, O.

IN THESE DAYS

Photographs To Give Satisfaction,

Must be of the Best

That's the Kind We Make!

You may be equally gratified by placing your Orders with us, not only for Photographs, but for

Pictures and Frames of All Kinds.

J. H. OAKLEY.

IMPRESSION SALE

PLEASING IMPRESSION

SMITH & BRIGHAM'S

ESPECIAL BARGAIN

FALL AND WINTER **FOOTWEAR**

The ladies will find these styles not only exceedingly comfortable-which is first consideration-but also economical which is a consideration that crowds first place and holds well throughout the entire list.

MEN'S CHILDREN'S FOOTWEAR IN GREAT PROFUSION

AT SMITH & BRIGHAM'S

ly disappointed that he commenced de-

lightedly at the very beginning and said each word over again, even more

earnestly and impetuously than before. But by this time Amy had become quite

reconciled to the impassioned phrases,

and was neither surprised nor frighten-

ed. Indeed, she seemed to consider

them very satisfactory. Of course they

were engaged, and gradually the pretty color returned to the young girl's cheek

and the light to her eyes. The kind widow rejoiced in these evidences of

righter future for her gentle favorite.

he had solemnly promised to pay.

When he and Amy became engaged

"You would not be a burden, Amy,"

he cried. "You are the dearest, sweet-

He finished the sentence in the way

that is usually very convincing. It did not convince little Amy, however, for

the necessary amount, but oh, how hap-

"Now your mother will smile in heaven," Amy said tenderly to her lover. "And I have taught you, my

When Robert was shown one morn-

tempted, took a thousand dollars from

"I always thought him a fool, but I

"My mother did not betray him, but

she made me promise to return the whole sum, and there it is," Bert said,

as he placed roll of bills on the lawyer's

The old man raised his head slowly

"Where did you get that money?" he

"Then all I have to say is that you

and scruntinized his visitor's face for

"I have been saving it ever since I was 18 years old, and I am now 25."

are a fine fellow—worth a dozen of your father. I should be glad to shake hands with you, for I can appreciate

perseverance and honesty if I am an old

skinflint-that is what they call me.

"Yes, and I shall not have to wait any

onger now that I am relieved of this

debt. Amy would not listen to any-

thing of the kind until the money was

paid. She is the best girl in the world."

Bert wondered afterward at his temer-

ity in talking thus freely to the stern

old man. But Mr. Manning's sternness

seemed suddenly to have disappeared, and he listened to the lover's honest

confessions with almost a smile upon

When Bert was turning in order to leave, the lawyer seized the roll of bills,

evidently intending at first to return the whole sum. But the inmate

spirit of greed was too strong for him and he hesitated. Then he

nervously divided the money and thrust

one-half deep into Bert's pocket, quite

conscious that if he kept it one half sec-

ond longer he would make another di-

"Your Amy," he said, "deserves to be happy. Tell her that money is a wed-

ding present; and if either of you ever want a friend, come to old Seth Mann-

Bert fairly ran to Amy with his good

"I call him munificent," she declared

emphatically, as she looked at the bills

They were soon quietly married, and no happier, merrier wife than Amy

Hammond was ever seen or dreamed

Sunday in Australia.

Sunday in most of the capitals of

Australian provinces is not an enliven-

ople say," he said to her.

Are you married young man?"

"You want to be, I suppose?"

she could be very firm at times.

easily and naturally done.

mond," Bert said.

some time.

his face.

finally asked.

Yet Bert, although at times he could

Reminiscence.

Though I am native to this frozen zone That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dead;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's intermittent mean
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus blos
soms blown.

Ido remember. It was instat dusk.

soms blown.

I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
Near a walled garden at the river's turn
(A thousand summers seen but yesterday!)
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk, Came to the water-tank to fill her urn, And, with the urn, she bore my heart away! Thomas Balley Aldrich, in the Century.

AMY'S WEDDING GIFT.

When Bert Hammond was about 18 years old his mother died. But before er death she exacted from him a promise that he considered it his sacred duty to fulfill. He was a conscientious boy and had been a good son.
"Your father," the dying woman said,
"took \$1,000 from Seth Manning, of

whom you have often heard me speak. He is a hard man, treating those less ortunate than himself coldly and superciliously. But that was not the slightest excuse for your father dishonall the years of my widowhood to earn ready have to bear." the stolen money and restore it. I found it utterly impossible to do so, for it took all I could earn to support my-self and you in even the humblest way. But you are young and strong and brave. Bert, dear, if you want me to rest quietly in my grave, you will

strive to return that money. nisgivings, too young to realize how severe the task might be. He was nat- py they were when it was accomplished! urally gay and happy, and what upon some shoulders would have been a very heavy burden rested lightly and easily on his. He expected to work hard, and was determined to spend no more money upon himself than was absolutely necessary. He tried to find a better situation, and after a few months his per-severence was rewarded. He lived quite as simply as before, managing to

save \$150 or more every year.

When Bert was about 21 years old, he was walking one day in the street carrying a valuable vase home to its purchaser. Suddenly he heard a great noise and outcry, and as he turned a corner he saw a dog, his mouth covered with foam, just ready to spring upon a young girl, who stood as if paralyzed with fear. The vase was large and heavy, and without a moment's hesitation Bert threw it at the dog's head. It stunned the creature for a few moments, and before he could spring up again two policemen attacked him with their clubs, and soon all danger was over. When Bert picked up his vase, he saw with a sinking heart that the handle was broken. He sighed involuntarily.

Will you have to pay for that?" asked "Yes, I think so," he replied gravely.
"How much will it be?"

"Twenty-five dollars at the very "Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed.
"You did it for me—and I am not worth

"You must not say that," he answered approvingly. "What is this thing com-pared with the life of a human being? Think of your mother." "I have no mother."

"Your sister, then, or brother." "I have neither-nor relative of any

"No one?" "No. So you see my life can not be of much consequence, although I thank you for saving it." "I am all alone, too," Bert said. "We ought to be friends."

"How ean we be?" she asked sadly. "Do I look like a rascal?" he demand "Do I look like a rascal," he demanded in his brusque, impetuous way.

"No," she replied, gazing straight into his big, honest eyes. "I wish you were my brother. If you will let me help you to pay for that vase, broken on my account, I shall be very glad. I can give you \$10 now, that I have saved."

"What were you saving it for?"
"To buy a winter cloak; but I can wear my old one."

"No, you can not. Do you think I would deprive you of a garment you really need? Nice brother I should be!" The acquaintance did not end here. Amy Billing painted pictures for an art store. They showed no great taste or talent, yet they sold, as such things do sell, in a way that seems unaccountable. sell, in a way that seems unaccountable.
Doing fancy work beside, she managed to supply her simple daily wants. The poor woman with whom she boarded took a great interst in the desolate child, befriending her in many ways.

Very soon Bert did what young men

who are in no position to marry are almost sure to do. He fell in love, and with little Amy. It must have been from pure pity in the first place, for the girl was neither pretty nor especially attractive. Constant care and anxiety had taken the color from her cheek and the glad brightness from her eyes. But the expression of her face was sweet and gentle and her smile was like sunshine, the more charming, perhaps, on account of its purity, for she was usually grave even to sadness. Bert was al-ways delighted if he succeeded in bring-

ing a merry look into her face even for "You poor little thing!" he exclaimed ing day. Concert and theatrical enter one day, "I would like to take you in | tainments are contrary to the law, hotels my arms and carry you off where you are rigorously closed as far as the gen-

would always dress in satin and live on nightingales' tongues."

"You are a dear, good Bert," she said, heavily fined. Steamers and trains are "but I would rather have muslins to run only on sufferance, although the wear sometimes, and I should prefer shops are allowed to remain open. a generous slice of roast beef to the nightingales' tongues." And it keeper is allowed to sell even a bottle made his heart fairly dance to hear a genuine laugh rippling from her lips.

A short time after this Bert made a concerts are held on Sunday, and once

\$63,000 he began to laugh. He laughed when he deposited the check at his bank, and he hasn't stopped laughing sudden declaration of his love, with all they were high class, but as no charge his natural impetuosity and eagerness. | can be made for entrance they have re-But Amy looked so astonished and trograded in character. An audience startled that his conscience smote him is admitted to the concert hall or thea-

ter bit by bit, each man or woman havand he cried-"I am a brute, Amy dear, to frighten you so. You need not marry me if you do not want to. I take it all back, evseats, as in church.-London Figaro.

ery bit of it."
Then, womanlike, she looked so sad-

MRS. WITHERBY AS A DECORATOR She Fits Up a Cottage Which Is Slightly Out of Repair.

Mrs. Witherby was in the country last week getting ready the summer home. Of course after Mr. Witherby's unfortunate decrease in salary they could not afford a fashionable resort in a spacious house. But Mrs. Witherby said that even if she didn't know much about cooking she flattered herself there was little left for her to learn about home decoration. So she joy-ously assured her husband that if they took the hillside cottage, which was a little out of repair, but which had a beautiful view, she could make a charming summer home for them.

"I can leave cook to keep house for you," she said, "and I'll spend a week there getting the place in order. I'll board at Mrs. Nextdoor's and have her

She made her journey into the rural district, accompanied by unnumbered yards of cheesecloth and silkoline, rolls of cheap wall-paper, cans of paint and varnish, and enough nails, tacks and hammers to equip a carpenter just starting to build a house. Then she ook possession of the house "a little

The walls bulged here and there in way very trying to Mrs. Witherby's orderly taste. The floors, which she of course intended to make more beautiful than hard wood by means of stain and varnish, consisted of uneven boards of seven inches wide alternating with cracks about half an inch wide. The roof leaked, the doors were off the hinges, and the windows had numerous broken panes of glass. Fortunately Mrs. Witherby realized that her early education had not included instruction in roofing, lock-making and glazing, so happiness, and in the prospect of a she hired men from the village to at-

tend to those matters for her. She felt a little disconcerted about the not resist buying a pretty, inexpensive trinket for the girl he loved, still put aside money every year toward the debt walls. She had bought cream and green paper for the bedrooms, and blue and cream for the dining-room, and it was her artless intention to make those apartments dreams of bounty. he had \$600 in the bank; and soon after- with ivory white woodwork and the ward his weekly salary was raised from various wall coverings. She decided \$12 to \$15. Amy clapped her hands in delight when she heard the welcome news, but she would not listen to Bert's then to stain her floors. So she bravely proposal that they should be married proposal that they should be married right away.

"No, No!" she said. "You must pay that debt before we can think of marladder, and began. The paper wrinkled riage. Your mother would not smile and twisted in the most marvelous and esty. Mr. Manning never even sus-pected his guilt. I have tried during add another burden to the one you alpaste; she was unable to effect neat joinings; the bulging showed more distinctly than ever. There was bitter-ness in Mrs. Witherby's heart, but she

hoped "it would look better when it It would take a tragic poet to do justice to her trials of that week. The enamel paint looked smeary at its best, nd hopelessly blotched at its worst stain and varnish. The packing boxes, which were to be converted into windarling," he replied, "to smile on earth,"

That was, indeed, the truth, for she looked very little like the pale and had. looked very little like the pale, sad Amy he he had first seen. Her face was round, her cheeks brightly tinted, and her eyes sparkled with health and happiness. No medicine in the world could ever have effected what love had a many of the windows. After a few days the paper began to peel from the walls, because they had not been properly

prepared to receive it. ever have effected what love had so Mrs. Witherby came home in tears and offered to spend the summer in ing into Mr. Manning's office, the grim town. But when her husband accepted lawyer's greeting was not an encour- the proposal with glee she had hysterics and said she had never, never expected aging one.
"Well, young man," he demanded, such treatment. So Mr. Witherby sent "do you want anything? Speak quick, the proper furnishers to the cheap cottage on the hillside and at the end of a tage on the hillside and at the end of a "Perhaps you remember Evans Ham- week it was ready, with ivory-enameled woodwork, pretty paper, denim-carpeted floors, and muslin hangings. mond," Bert said.

"Yes; what of him? Speak—why don't you speak?" he asked impatient-without lunches for two years he will without lunches for two years he will without lunches for two years he will without lunches for two years he will be attempts at "You never knew, I believe," Bert be able to pay for his wife's attempts at said at last, "that my father, sorely

CRAZED BY HIS LUCK. never suspected that he was a knave A Drop in U. P. Thet Made \$63,000 and

> It was a broker's office. The droning announcements of the roung man with the chalk; intervals filled with conversation that soon assumed anything but a business charac-Would you believe it? The broker and his customers were involved in a labyrinthian argument relative to the nature of the Deity, and this was succeeded by abstruse speculations on the probable consequence of an irresist-ible force coming in contact with an

immovable mass. It's a fascinating topic—at least we found it so—and I cheerfully recommend it for trial when conversation flags around the cracker box in the corner grocery or when you can't get a fourth hand for whist in the club. The will now ask you to prepare a table of discussion was switched back to the market by an occurrence that partook of the tragic, an episode that left a ghastly impression on me, if not on all. The door opened, and in walked a man who was laughing and fairly glowing with merriment. His laughter was infectious, but I was the only man who smiled. The others turned uneasily in their chairs, and stared out of the

windows or began to read the newspa-"Good morning, ha! ha! Charley, ha! ha!" giggled the newcomer; "how, huh! huh! huh! how's U. P., ha! ha!

this morning? ha! ha!" and he went on in a mild paroxysm of cachinnation. "He's struck it lucky." I thought, and, as I remarked before, I could not help smiling and feeling glad with him. Not so the broker. With a troubled look he took the joyous man by the hand, spoke to him in a low tone, and led him out, the latter continuing to bubble and sputter like an overwrought tea-kettle. Presently the broker re-entered, shook his head, and sighed.

"That poor chap gives me the shiv-ers," he said; "I wish he would keep out of here." Then he went on to explain to me what was familiar to all his can complete it." regular visitors. "That man," he said, was a speculator. He had never made much in any deal and was generally on the losing side. A few years on the subject. He withdrew the quesago he came in just before the opening and put up \$1,000, all he had, to sell U. P. It stood at 124. He left the room with a kind of desperate air, saying i U. P. rose a point and wiped him out he should never speculate again, for the thousand was the last he had. Well, sir, on that day U. P. went down in the most sensational way on record; not an eighth at a time, or by jumps of a point, but by 10 points at a lick, and when it stopped it was down to 60. Every point meant \$1,000 for that man.

"Toward the close of business he came . He hadn't been watching the market during the day, and he couldn't understand it when he looked at the board.

We had to got a We had to get around and explain things to him as if he were a child. When I finally gave him a check for

It was comforting to know that this unfortunate, turned crazy by good luck, netted enough by his prosperous venture to keep him and his family in good circumstances during his life.—

day ushered in the stranger, who the doubt to be no other than the reigning duke of Saxe-Weimar.—London Globs.

Three hundred and sixty mountains the scars made by smallpox may be rein the United States are 10,000 feet high. moved.

No other powder tested was found to contain less than 10 per cent. of impurities.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Book-Learning Only.

It is said to be a true story of an English clergyman that, on his appointment to a country living, he went about from house to house asking why the from the depot. He saw the coin while good wives did not go to church on he was yet twenty feet away, and he Sunday afternoons. "Milking the made a sudden forward rush to get it. cows," was the universal answer. On The movement was almost instantly Sunday morning, therefore, he spoke his mind. "I have been round the parish," he said, "and find you all make stood there and gazed at the coin with a

old countryman. "But then, you see, he's a book-larnt man!" Another "book-larnt man" was standng by one day, when a country parson was looking at his cows. "Poor old lady! poor old lady!" said

the country parson, apostrophizing one quietly chewing her cud, "I'm afraid we most soon part company. "But why?" exclaimed the other. "To go to the butcher's." "To go to the butcher's? Why, I al-ways thought cows died a natural death

and that we only ate oxen!" Dawkins, the countryman of the previous tale, was on the other side of the hedge, grunting emphatically at intervals, and the country parson looked across at him with a twinkle in "Yes—great hur "Wall. I'll hey to

"Wherever he has hid hisself all these days?" asked Dawkins in irrepressible find out what's got strings to it and scorn. "But then," twinkling back at what's lyin' around loose and kin be most of his feathers were blown off. his master, "he's a scholard, ain't he? picked up."—Detroit Free Press. He never ate cow beef! He! he! he!"-Youth's Companion.

ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY. And It Takes Some Time to Prepare Table of Logarithms.

An expert engineer in a New England city rendered a bill to a corporation who had employed him to write a technical report, says the N. Y. Herald. The amount of the fee was large, the corporation refused to pay it, and the claim was carried into court. During the trial the counsel for the corpora-tion sought to belittle the expert's work, raising questions as to his experience and, in fact, to prove that his soor would have been amply rewarded

with a few dollars a day. "How did you reach this result?" asked the lawyer, referring to a certain calculation which had involved the use of logarithms.

"I consulted Napier's table and"—but he got no further.
"You consulted Napier's table, did

"Yes." "Do you mean to tell this court that you, an expert, had to resort to a published table? Did you prove the figures of that table?" "No, but they have been proved. They are considered to be accurate by

every scientific man." "Why do you not work out your own table of logarithms? Is it not because you are unable to do so?" "It is not. I am perfectly capable preparing such a table, but it would

have taken too long a time to do so, and so I consulted the standards." "In order to prove your calculation as well as your capabilities in this mat-

"Here and now?" inquired the plaintiff. "I fear it will consume too much of the court's time." This seemed to confirm the lawyer's doubts, and so he insisted the more upon having a complete table of loga-rithms prepared. The plaintiff smiled maliciously, took paper and pencil and began his work. In about five minutes the lawyer asked him if he had finished. The plaintiff shook his head and continued at work. Ten minutes passed by and again the question was put:

"How nearly finished are you?"
"Very far from finished," remarked "Well, may I ask how long it will take you to prepare a table such as Napier's? You seem to be very slow

The expert hesitated a little and then "I estimate that, working alone, I might be able to complete it in about fifteen years, working day and night. It took Napier and five assistants seven years to prepare his table, but I am less familiar with the calculation than he was, and, as you say, work slow. Still in tifteen years I think I

It is unnecessary to say that the lawyer was not a little taken aback by the answer, which enlightened him a trifle tions and eventually the expert won his

Not That Mr. Sax.

The death of Adolphe Sax, the famous but unlucky instrument-maker, recalls an amusing anecdote of Xavier Marmier, a good-natured old academician who was constantly being victimized by literary impostors. His house-keeper, who did all she could to guard him from these importunate visitants. informed him one day that a stranger wanted to see him. On which the fol-

"Well, he's a new-comer, that I'm sure of, for I've never seen him before. Shall I send him away?" "Did he give his name?"

"Yes. 'A Mr. Sax-something-or-"Well, Annette, I don't want any trombones, but I'll tell him so myself.

Show him in." Accordingly the good Annette reluctantly ushered in the stranger, who turn-

There are no known means by which

No String to It.

There was a bright new 50-cent piece lying on the pavement, when a bow backed man with a sachel came along checked, however, and he walked slowly

"It didn't belong to you, did it?"
"Wall, I swan," was the reply. "What's the matter?"

"This is the queerest durned town I ever struck in all my life. I was comin' up this street last year about this time when I saw a 50-cent piece lyin' jest about here. I made a grab fur it, fell when I saw a 50-cent piece lyin' jest about here. I made a grab fur it, fell on my nose and rolled all over, and inch boards by the force of the wind. finally got up to find that a boy had a string on the money and had pulled it into that doorway."

then. I want to find a feller who'll sot of the season except a black Spanish down with me fur about two hours and rooster. He clung to post me up. I'm comin' into Detroit with his bill, and allowed his tail to once a week all Summer, and I want to crack and whip in the wind like a yacht

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a funny story of an Irishman he knew who had a big dog. The master thought it was the duty of the animal to stay outside the house by night and keep guard over the premises. But the dog, especially in cold winter weather preferred more comfortable quarters by the kitchen stove. One bitterly cold night when the quicksilver was down in the bottom of the thermometer and the wind was blowing like an organized anarchist, the dog was put out of doors to stand guard and his master went to bed. Soon there was a crash of glass. The Irishman went to investigate. He found a broken window and a big dog cuddled up by the warm stove. Then he got wrathy. He opened the door and marched the dog around to the northwest corner of scruff of his neck and his ears there he held the animal before the blast.

Presently the Irishman's wife got anxious, and she went in search of her husband. She found him up to his ankles in the snow, with but one gar-ment on and that thin and short, shivering violently and his legs becoming a sickly purple. So she said to him, "John, what are you doing?" and he replied to her, "Mary, I am afther freez-ing this cursed dog nearly to death to make him moind me." And Mary, feeling the sharpness of the wind and frostiness of the air, and seeing the growing blueness and shakiness of her husband as compared with the stolidity and seeming indifference of the dog, made timidly the rather sensible remark: "But suppose you freeze first, John. He's a bad crayture, but you'll be getting more comfort out of life if you come back to your warm bed and let him have his own way this cowld night."

-Chicago Tribune.

RIDING OUT A GALE IN KANSAS. ones, After Denouncing Some Stories as

Jackson Peters leaned back in his chair, says Harper's Weekly, and slowly blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "Jones," he said, "I want to ask your opinion in regard to the probabil-ity of a story which was told me the

parish," he said, "and find you an make the same excuse. Now I have only one thing to request, and that is that you milk your cows the last thing on Saturday night and the first thing on Monday morning."

stood the same excuse. In about a minute a pedestrian came up, saw the coin, and reached for it and put it in his pocket. Observing the attitude of the old man at the same time, he turned and that is to say, a man who has told as much of what I may call awe-inspiring the same time, he turned and that is to say, a man who has told as much of what I may call awe-inspiring the same time, he turned and that is to say, a man who has told as much of what I may call awe-inspiring the same time, he turned and stood there and gazed at the coin with a other day."

foxv look on his countenance. In about "Well, Jackson?" was the guarded retruth as you have ought to be a good judge of the probability of a story. It was a cyclone story which I was going

to ask you about."
"Most cyclone stories are palpable lies Jackson. "It never happened, Jackson. That is a stock lie told of every cyclone that blows. Your friend imposed upon your youth, my boy. He would never have dared to tell such a manifest and self-"And so you were shy of this one?"

"Yaas, I was shy."

"And are half a dollar behind the heralded lie to Robinson or Smith." must admit, though, that the force of "Yaas, I'm half a dollar out. Say, are the wind in a genuine cyclone is con-ou in a hurry?" siderable. When I lived in Kansas in the '70s I had a quantity of poultry, but "Wall, I'll hev to find somebody else, it was blown away in the first cyclone

> Subsequently I found some of them im-bedded over half an inch in my grind-"Yes," returned Peters, "I presume

my friend was trying to impose on my "I think so, Jackson. I had considerable experience with cyclones that sum-mer in Kansas. But I learned to handle myself so that I did not mind them such. I soon saw the fallacy of depending on cyclone cellars and that sort of thing. The fundamental difficulty of all such things is that you try to hold yourself firmly in one place. It is as if a ship in a gale should tie up to a post (supposing midocean posts for the time being), instead of driving before the away. The next thing I knew the cellar went, too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon spilled out. the house where the sharpest breezes With infinite labor I crawled back in blew and with a firm clutch on the the teeth of the wind, intending to take With infinite labor I crawled back in refuge in the hole the cellar came out

Being Agreeable.

"Harry," said the hostess to her son, "why don't you make yourself agree able to that gentleman in the corner?" "Who-the inventor?"

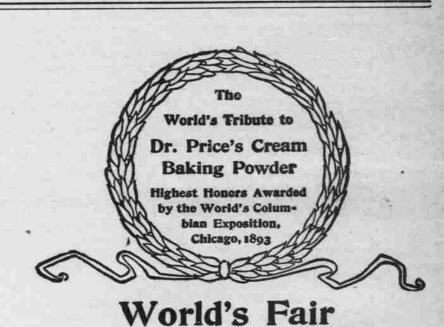
of. To my consternation, I found that

had blown away, also. I then followed

the example of the rooster, clung to a root, and allowed my legs to flutter and snap in the gale like a weather signal

"Yes."
"I tried," was the despondent answer,
"but he won't talk of anything but his "Can't you say something about that something nice and encouraging?" "I did."

"I told him that judging from his description there were no flies on it."-



HIGHEST MEDAL awarded to

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

The highest award was given on every claim, comprising

superiority in leavening power, keeping properties, purity and excellence. This verdict has been given by the best jury ever assembled for such a purpose, backed by the recommendation of the Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., who made an elaborate examination and test of all the baking powders. This is pre-eminently the highest authority on such matters in

This verdict conclusively settles the question and proves that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is superior in every way to any other brand.

Norg.-The Chief Chemist rejected the Alum baking powders, stating

to the World's Fair jury that he considered them unwholesome.